Poems

- Brian Edwards

In this day
their eyes
do not see
nor do
their ears hear
the true way
the way
of imagination
the way
of making
the impossible
possible
instead
far too many
seek the old path
that only
goes in a circle
taking you back
to places
where those
before you
have already been

***

- 8/22/2026

In a land
of the
torn threads
and viper's words
of negotiations
in bad faith
of perceiving things
the mind
the body
the soul
one can
lose interest
quickly
one can sense
insurmountable
futility
one can sense
the nature
of something
fading in the wind

***

- 8/21/2026

I wish not
for anything
but for quiet
and the abyss
of the night
as the moments
pass by
like smirking
Komodo Dragons
as the wind
touches
this weary flesh
I wish only
for immaculate
silence
silence
that holds
within it
the real truth
I wish not
for anything
I merely
speak these words
that mean nothing

***

- 8/22/2026

A thousand minds
of the Sun
called to me
on this August night
how goes it
with thee
they asked
you born
of a world
afflicted by
the fog
of materialism
and indifference
I replied
that I was
getting by
each day
like a pebble
thrown
into a vast lake
the ripples
hardly noticeable
they acknowledge
my words
and said
that we
would speak again
once I am able
to hear the voices
from the ancient stars

***

- 8/21/2026

Sitting here
tonight
in my apartment
which has its own
crossroads
between worlds
between dimensions
a parallel Universe
someplace
that is not here
that is
beyond here
and that
is very real
sitting here
tonight
discussing
current
world affairs
with Dimension X
or Dimension Z
or Dimension W
I get them
all mixed up
sometimes
it happens
when you're
at the crossroads

***

- 8/21/2026

Destiny has
clouded judgement
I believe
we keep
going in circles
always
ending up
at the precipice
of the same
old abyss
that is
my observation
you may
or may not agree
you may
believe strongly
in a revived hope
and a revived
idealism
yet I tell you now
and I tell you
truthfully
destiny
has no masterplan
for it all
to sort itself out
destiny
is the proud owner
of an old ant farm
that is we

***

- 8/21/2026

Here in a place
where the manure
piles up
where voices speak
reading from
teleprompters
of bullshit
the winds
of the storm
relieve us
from the summer heat

***

- 8/21/2026

The void
seems like
an old
familiar friend
and so it is
after all
those years
of existential
pondering
I walk among
the shadows
of this world
and of
another world
I've yet
to discover
for myself
I run into
the void
at a small
convenience store
on my way
to work
picking up
a pack of smokes
the void
my old friend
never tells me
I should quit
the void
always understands
how things are
and how it goes

***

- 8/21/2026

The wind
knows nothing
and I
know the wind
the Sun rises
the dusty streets
are illuminated
the plutocrats
that woke up early
start up
their counting
machines
the fish swim
the turtles
stare at us
like we were fools
the Moon fades
away
from sight
the birds sing
car engines
start up
all around
creation
a masked cacophony
the Sun rises
the sidewalks
lead us down
the path
to wherever

***

- 8/22/2026

Sometimes
the insanity
hits you like
a tidal wave
as you're
just trying
to get by
just trying
to do no harm
the insanity
sometimes
hits you anyway
you question
if there's
any purpose
to it
if there's
any purpose
to anything
the wind
the owl
the Moon
the night
it's all silent
there's your answer

***

- 8/22/2026

Sitting here
tonight
under the
dimming lightbulb
longing
to be in exile
longing
to be far away
to places
I've never seen
free of
the malice
and the mania
and the madness
sitting here
as the summer fades
as memories
of the past
awaken
and come forth
with their blades
looking
to draw
my blood again
looking
to bring me
a little pain
that I recognize
sitting here
tonight
hoping someday
to be free
in exile
somewhere
that wonderful
dream-like place
that is somewhere
far away

***

- 8/22/2026

I wander along
the shores
of time
that vast sea
the endless waves
I wander
through
the labyrinth
of a mundane
reality
I have spoken
to the cobra
and have learned
a few things
as the stars
seem to drift
across the night
I know that
my eternity
is my tomorrow
and that this life
is but a dream
before the dawn

***

- 8/22/2026

Take me
to the edge
of the illusion
I look out
upon a horizon
where nothing
exist at all
light and sound
sound and light
often these things
are illusion to
and sometimes
I must feel
the heat
of the dragon's
fire
to know
what is real
and even then
my ability
to perceive
is not always
trustworthy

***

- 8/23/2026

Waking up
this Sunday morning
momentarily
not knowing
where I am
the momentary bliss
of not knowing
anything
then my mind
remembers
and the state
of bliss fades
the overdue bills
the long
work hours
the car troubles
the tooth troubles
the rent due
it all
comes back to me
and I realize
that when I sleep
I escape
to an island
of serenity
in a calm sea
of unknowing
and it is good

***

- 8/23/2026

Now moving
along
down the
astral highway
of scorpions
and eternal dreams
I drive
I drive
onward
onward
towards
the morning
towards
the dawn
towards
the Sun
heading for
a little
beach resort
that I always
liked
upon the Sun
for a little
day drinking
then by night
I'll behold
the distant stars
upon the shores
of our own

***

- 8/23/2026

I anoint
this day with
a paint stroke
of my madness
I was once
a rather calm
and cool-headed
person
yet far too often
the world
the dreary
mechanical
technological
media-crazed world
wants its pound
of flesh
this is perhaps
what it's all
structured around
the world
wishing to take
a pound of flesh
from everyone
what kind
of bad
existential joke
is this thing
we call reality
such a tale
was pronounced
by the Dodo birds
of ages
come and gone

***

- 8/23/2026

We danced
all night
and tossed
our worries
onto the pyre
such is
as it should be
for those of us
that realize
there still exist
a great hope

***

- 8/23/2026

It is difficult
to see with clarity
in these times
yet a worthwhile
endeavor it is
and I sit here
this Sunday morning
late August
sipping my coffee
hoping to find
the path
that'll guide
me through
these times
when there are
so many snakes
in the grass

***

- 8/23/2026

What's it all about
not knowing
yet wishing
to know
as people
out there
are purposefully
trying
to make machines
come alive
if they do
what realizations
what conclusions
will the machines
make about us
I see
a bird's feather
drifting
through the sky
what a time
to be alive
amidst all of this
obscurity
when truth
seems like
an interpretation
more than
anything else
so we go
aimlessly
about our lives
as a great instinct
compels us

***

- 8/23/2026

I keep
a little bag
of Hemlock seeds
in my room
I'm not
really sure why
though I suppose
I keep them
for a time
if the powers
that be
ever decree
that they're
going to suppress
my philosophy
then I can
at least go out
like the Master himself

***

- 8/23/2026

The soul
of the thing
feels gone
it feels
lost now
tainted
undermined
torn apart
stabbed
jabbed
offered up
to the guillotine
on one or two
occasions
hit with
a flame thrower
the soul
of the thing
is gone
we let the jackals
get to it
for far too long
now there's
very little left
of the thing
we try
and deny the truth
yet this time
the truth
can't be denied
for very long

***

- 8/23/2026

The vines
are reaching up
ever closer
to my window
the crows
in the trees
heckle me
with omens
good fortune
has long
been a stranger
to me

***

- 8/23/2026

These damn
eternal roses
growing
in the garden
of eternal roses

***

- 8/19/2026

The demons
of Satan
are mocking me
tonight
sitting here
in my apartment
that's okay
I tell them
I'm listening in
on their
conversations
and sometimes
I really do
a little ability
I've developed
over the years
out there
on the battlefield
of the endless war

***

- 8/19/2026